

# The Somerset Herald

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NO. 13.

## HARDWARE, HEADS AND HEARTS.

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## THE SONG OF A SUMMER.

By the Author of "The Song of a Summer."

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Colonel of the regiment—both men noted for their short, attenuated forms. Neither was scarcely more than five feet high, and their combined weight was less than two hundred pounds.

It was a strange sight to see these soldiers had little respect for Virginia aristocracy, and the tent poles had hardly got settled in the ground before a noted rider named—well, Smith—shouldered his deer-killer and started out on a little expedition. He was a general of immense size, named "The Big Sergeant." He made a straight march for the old Virginia's manor. Now, the old gentleman had many pets about the grounds, and among them a tame crow which he valued very highly.

He also had tame rabbits, doves, etc. The Sergeant climbed the stone wall, and dropped himself and gun inside of the grounds. The first thing his eye struck was the tame crow, who unconsciously flew near him, and alighted on a limb and began to caw at him. The Sergeant put his rifle to his shoulder and barked away. Mr. Crow came fluttering to the ground. The soldier reloaded his gun, leaped it against the wall, and went to get his game.

Instantly there came running from the house, in a high state of excitement, the old Virginia, and when he saw that his pet crow had been killed, he was greatly distressed. He rushed for the sergeant's gun, and swearing that he wouldn't have given the crow for the whole Yankee army, vowed that he would blow the soldier's brains out. With this he brought the piece to a cock, and glanced along the barrel. The Sergeant begged for the life, and the Virginia swore he would take it.

The Virginia finally thought of a compromise, and with a look half between amusement and rage told the sergeant that he must eat the crow. In vain the other protested; the Virginia insisted on the propriety of his adversary's life. So the sergeant pulled off feathers and began to gag and eat.

"How do you like crow?" asked the Virginia through his teeth. "The only answer the other gave was to beg to be left off. He was sorry he had shot the crow; didn't know that it was a tame one, and he wouldn't do such a thing again. Finally the old man took the gun from his aim, and told the Sergeant he didn't eat any more. His heart full of joy, the crow upon the ground, he said: "I'll eat it, I'll eat it, but I don't like it."

The story might stop here if it were only to show the origin of the phrase, but the rest of it is the best. CHAPTER II. The old Virginia, after surveying his dead pet for an instant in a sorrowful manner, returned the gun and started for his mansion. The other quickly followed him, and he shouldered his rifle and called out: "Hold on there, mister."

"What do you want?" asked the other, as he turned and beheld a "head" drawn on him. "I'd like to have you eat the rest of this crow."

The old man fumed and swore, and tore about in a frantic manner saying he'd be damned if he would, and that he didn't want any of the young man's jokes. The cocking of the gun, and the assurance on the part of the soldier that he would certainly put a ball through the old man's shoulder unless he complied with the demand, drove the Virginia to retract his steps.

"Now," said the Sergeant, "I want you to eat the rest of that crow, and no nonsense." A punch of the rifle on the shoulder of the old man caused him to quicken his pace, and he picked up the crow he endeavored to bite it. He grew pale, the perspiration stood upon his face, he trembled like a terrier, his mouth watered, his eyes filled, he gagged, and it seemed a physical impossibility for him to touch the crow. The sergeant, who had been waiting for this, stepped forward and snatched the crow from the old man's hand, and he was the only one he did take for his breakfast came up so rapidly to protest against the crow that the soldier reloaded and told him to "git" and never trouble a Bucktail again.